Now shall Britannia rear her awful Head
High midst her Sister States, and kindly shed
Her cheering Influence on the Realms below :
From her Decrees each Prince his Doom shall know ;
While, fern to proud Oppressors, in the Dauntless
Of injur'd Right her vengeful Sword she draws.
Oft, poiz'd with the Universal Rage,
Our Mind aright of future Years presage ;
Behold Surviving Days, that in the Womb
Of teeming Fate, and Ages yet to come,
Long brooding lay ; while happy Days behold,
So oft to earlier Reigns in vain foretold,
Now hast'ning to the Birth ! when Time with Youthful
Shall fare afresh to [illegible] Race ;
With a new Sun the [illegible] Nature shine,
And to the Golden Age our Heav'n refine.
Then Wars shall cease, and Piety return,
And Faith and Right the jarring Nations learn.
Then by Thy Conquests, Mighty Chief, prepare
The Way, and usher in the glorious Year.
That Arm, which, at the Branches aim'd before,
Two * Brothers from the Fenced Affiance tore,
Again advance, and with Thy fatal Blade
The monstrous Body next, and naked Trunk invade.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 JY 87

AN

EPISTLE

TO

A LADY,

Who desired the AUTHOR to make VERSES on Her,

IN THE

HEROICK STILE.

ALSO

A POEM,

Occasion'd by Reading

Dr. *YOUNG*'s SATIRES,

CALLED,

The UNIVERSAL PASSION.

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AN

EPISTLE

TO

A LADY,

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

EPISTLE

TO

A LADY, &c.

AFTER venting all my Spight,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry Error I could find
Thro' the Mazes of your Mind,

Have my buſy Muſe employ'd,
Till the Company was cloy'd.
Are you poſitive and fretful?
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty Follies more,
I have often told before.

HEARKEN, what my *Lady* ſays---:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a Fault ſhou'd move your Pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or, to Paſſion quickly heated:
If my wand'ring Head be leſs
Set on Reading, than on Dreſs:
If I always ſeem too dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the Diffi--culty.

AFTER venting all my Spight,
You wou'd teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and Honour how to prize;

How to ſhine in Converſation,
And, with Credit fill my Station;
How to reliſh Notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate —;
Mr. Dean, You come too late;
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my Youth inſtill'd,
Have my Soul entirely fill'd:
In my Head and Heart they center;
Nor will let your Leſſons enter.

Bred a Fondling, and an Heireſs;
Dreſt like any Lady May'reſs;
Cocker'd by the Servants round,
Was too good to touch the Ground:
Thought the Life of ev'ry Lady
Shou'd be one continu'd Play-Day:

Balls, and Maſquerades, and Shows,
Viſits, Plays, and Powder'd Beaux.

THUS you have my Caſe at large,
And may now perform your Charge.
Thoſe Materials I have furniſh'd,
When, by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the World may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a While,
That ſame paultry *Burleſque* Stile:
Drop, for once, your conſtant Rule,
Turning all to Ridicule:
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court, nor Parli'ment, can 'ſcape ye;
Treat the Publick, and your Friends,
Both alike; while neither mends.

SING my Praiſe in Strain ſublime:
Treat me not with Doggrel Rhime.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhou'd produce,
With each Fault, each Fault's Excuſe:

Nor

Not to publiſh ev'ry Trifle,
And my few Perfections ſtifle.
With ſome Gifts, at leaſt endow me,
Which my very Foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my Truſt?
Which, of all our modern Dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In Good Manners, am I faulty?
Can you call me rude, or haughty?
Did I e'er my Mite withhold
From the Impotent and Old?
When did ever I omit
Due Regard for Men of Wit?
When have I Eſteem expreſs'd
For a Coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the Female Tribe,
Think it Wit to ſneer, and gibe?
Who, with leſs deſigning Ends,
Kindlier entertains her Friends?

THINK not Cards my chief Diverſion
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt Aſperſion:
Never knew I any Good in 'um,
But, to doze my Head, like *Lodanum*.
We, by Play, as Men by Drinking,
Paſs our Nights, to drive out thinking.
From my Ailments give me Leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with Pleaſure:
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with Books my Mind embelliſh.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
Mr. DEAN, you muſt reply.

MADAM, I allow 'tis true;
All theſe Praiſes are your Due.
You, like ſome acute Philoſopher,
Ev'ry Fault have drawn a Gloſs over
Placing in the ſtrongeſt Light,
All your Virtues to my Sight.

THO' you lead a blameleſs Life,
Are an humble, prudent Wife;
Anſwer all domeſtick Ends,
What is this to us your Friends?
Tho' your Children by a Nod
Stand in awe without a Rod:
Tho' by your obliging Sway
Servants love you, and obey:
Tho' you treat us with a Smile,
Clear your Looks, and ſmooth your Stile:
Load our Plates from ev'ry Diſh;
This is not the Thing we wiſh.
Col'nel ..... may be your Debtor;
We expect Employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good Senſe to entertain us.

SCHOLARS, when good Senſe deſcribing,
Call it *Taſting*, and *Imbibing*:
Metaphorick Meat and Drink,
Is to underſtand, and think:

We may *carve* for others thus;
And let others carve for us.
To discourse, and to attend,
Is to *help* yourself, and Friend.
Conversation is but *carving*,
Carve for all, yourself is starving.
Give no more to ev'ry Guest,
Than he's able to digest:
Give him always of the Prime,
And, but little at a Time.
Carve to all but just enuff,
Let them neither starve, nor stuff:
And, that you may have your Due,
Let your Neighbours *carve* for you.

To conclude this long Essay;
Pardon, if I disobey:
Nor, against my nat'ral Vein,
Treat you in Heroick Strain.
I, as all the Parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in Prose:

Still to laſh, and laſhing Smile,
Ill befits a lofty Stile.
From the Planet of my Birth,
I encounter Vice with Mirth.
Wicked Miniſters of State
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate:
And I find it anſwers right:
Scorn torments them more than Spight.
All the Vices of a Court,
Do but ſerve to make me Sport.
Shou'd a Monkey wear a Crown,
Muſt I tremble at his Frown?
Could I not, thro' all his Ermin,
Spy the ſtrutting chatt'ring Vermin?
Safely write a ſmart Lampoon,
To expoſe the brisk Baboon?

When my Muſe officious ventures
On the Nation's Repreſenters;
Teaching by what *Golden* Rules
Into Knaves they turn their Fools:

How the Helm is rul'd by Walpole
At whoſe Oars, like Slaves, they all pull:
Let the Veſſel ſplit on Shelves,
With the Freight enrich themſelves:
Safe within my little Wherry,
All their Madneſs makes me merry:
Like the Watermen of *Thames*,
I row by, and call them Names.
Like the ever-laughing Sage,
In a Jeſt I ſpend my Rage:
(Tho' it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd:)
If I can but fill my Nitch,
I attempt no higher Pitch.
Leave to D'ANVERS and his Mate,
Maxims wiſe, to rule the State.
POULTNEY deep, accompliſh'd ST. JOHNS,
Scourge the Villains with a Vengeance.
Let me, tho' the Smell be Noiſom,
Strip their Bums; let CALEB hoyſe 'em;
Then, apply ALECTO's Whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

DEUCE is in you, Mr. DEAN;
What can all this Paſſion mean?
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On Corruptions running Riot.
End, as it befits your Station;
Come to uſe, and Application:
Nor with Senates keep a Fuſs,
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus.

IF the Machinations brewing,
To compleat the Publick Ruin,
Never once cou'd have the Pow'r
To affect me half an Hour;
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude a *Fortiori*,
All your Eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my fav'rite Farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on. For, as
It is well obſerv'd by * HORACE,

Ridicule

* —— Ridiculum Acri,
Fortius & Melius, &c.

Ridicule has greater Pow'r
To reform the World, than Sour.
Horſes thus, let Jockeys judge elſe,
Switches better guide than Cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only Dulneſs can produce,
While a little gentle Jerking
Sets the Spirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by Experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than Merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your Brain.
But, with Raillery to nettle,
Sets your Thoughts upon their Mettle:
Gives Imagination Scope,
Never lets your Mind elope:
Drives out Brangling, and Contention,
Brings in Reaſon and Invention.
For your Sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty Stile decline.

I Shou'd make a Figure ſcurvy,
And your Head turn Topſy-turvy.

I, WHO love to have a Fling,
Both at Senate-Houſe, and *King*
That they might ſome better Way tread,
To avoid the publick Hatred;
Thought no Method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their Vices odious:
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by Anger, but a Sneer:
As my Method of Reforming,
Is by Laughing, not by Storming.
(For my Friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt Fault.)
Wou'd you have me change my Stile,
On your Faults no longer ſmile?
But, to patch up all our Quarrels,
Quote you Texts from *Plutarch's Morals*;
Or from *Solomon* produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's Uſe.

If I treat you like a King crowned
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher Claims,
Than the Owners of *St. James's.*
You are not ſo great a Grievance
As the Hirelings of *St. Stephen's.* † House of Commons
You are of a lower Claſs
Than my Friend Sir *Robert Brown's.*
None of theſe have Mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.

Have you ſeen a *Rocket* fly?
You wou'd ſwear it pierc'd the Sky;
It but reach'd the middle Air,
Burſting into Pieces there:
Thouſand Sparkles falling down
Light on many a Coxcomb's Crown.
See, what Mirth the Sport creates;
Sindges Hair, but breaks no Pates.

Thus, Shou'd I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a Stile ſublime,

Such a Rocket is my Muſe,
Shou'd I lofty Numbers chuſe,
E'er I reach'd *Parnaſſus* Top
I ſhou'd burſt, and burſting drop.
All my *Fire* would fall in Scraps,
Give your Head ſome gentle Raps;
Only make it ſmart a while:
Then cou'd I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling Pain,
Entring warm your frigid Brain
Make you able upon Sight,
To decide of Wrong and Right?
Talk with Senſe, whate'er you pleaſe on,
Learn to reliſh *Truth* and *Reaſon.*

THUS we both ſhould gain our Prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

ON

ON READING

Dr. YOUNG's *SATIRES*,

CALLED THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IF there be Truth in what you ſing,
Such Godlike Virtues in the *King*,
A *Miniſter* ſo filled with Zeal,
And Wiſdom for the Common-Weal.
If *he*, who in the Chair preſides,
So ſteadily the *Senate* guides:

If Others, whom you make your Theme,
Are Seconds in this glorious Scheme;
If ev'ry *Peer* whom you commend,
To Worth and Learning is a Friend.
If this be Truth, as you atteſt,
What *Land* was ever *half* ſo *bleſt*?
The *Traders* now no longer cheat;
No Falſhood now among the *Great*,
Now, on the Bench fair *Juſtice* ſhines,
Her Scale to neither Side inclines;
Now *Pride* and *Cruelty* are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her Throne;
For, ſuch is good Example's Pow'r,
It does its Office ev'ry Hour,
Where *Governors* are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt Maxim lyes:
For this we know, all antient Sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum Regis*,
Thro' all the Realm his *Virtues* run,
Rip'ning, and kindling like the Sun.
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a *Score*
Of *Courtiers*, each in their Degree
If poſſible, as good as He.